

The Pocahontas Times.

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Marlinton, Pocahontas Co. West Virginia, January 4 1906

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If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting, and Thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills. - Longfellow.

NOTES BY THE WAY

To a Number of Interesting Local Notes

A Tribute to the Memory of the late Mrs. Sally Ligon

Monday afternoon, December 4, 1905, my pleasant visit at Dallas McLaughlin's, mentioned in a previous paper, ended, and I arranged for a tramp to the Stony Bottom Station. For fear something might happen on the frozen or frozen steep mountain path Mrs. McLaughlin had her daughter Grace to see me safe and carry my luggage. I remonstrated but I soon found it was no use to object to her carrying my luggage and so I was soon having one of the times of my life getting to a flag station. Part of my schedule was to stop over at Harter Tuesday morning where Paul Sharp had "old Ned" fed and saddled for a ride across Thorney Creek mountain. Before I could say or do anything in the way of remonstrance, Mrs. Sharp had old Ned at the gate ready for immediate service and I was soon heading for Dilleys Mill and was passing over a way I had never gone before, which seems hardly credible even to myself that there should be unseen paths within less than ten miles of the place of my nativity. And of all the mountains I have ever crossed I give Thorney Creek mountain the credit of being the easiest and most pleasant to traverse, so well is the path up the western side graded. At the summit I found plain ways diverging to the four cardinal points of the compass. From this parting of the ways Elk Mountain is plainly seen, and somehow I happened to recall what a young man said to a traveler who inquired which of two ways to take. The Elk Mountain youngster told him he had better take both ways for then he would not miss anything, "by jings." Here I found myself confronted with twice as many chances for making a miss of it. "Old Ned" however took the bit in his teeth for he had been to mill before and no time was lost in calculating chances for making a miss.

The two days spent at the homes of Wm. Hanson Dilleys and the Shradler brothers, Robert and John, should be remembered by me for many reasons. I have spent days in the month of May not so pleasant as to weather as these two Halcyon days in December and so December being pleasant as May is not a rhetorical simile so far fetched after all.

The Shradler brothers occupy homes first opened by pioneer ancestors of pure Scotch Irish antecedents and are among the places of historical interest in the pioneer annals of our great County of Pocahontas.

Mr. Dilleys is proprietor of the noted Dilleys mill that gives name to the region adjacent. At the time of my visit though the trunking seemed hidden by gigantic icicles still the sound of the grinding could be heard as if there was no such thing as ice anywhere in evidence. As matters now are freezing nights may come and stormy days may go, but the hidden turbine wheel whirls all the same as long as there is a grain in the hopper.

Wednesday evening found me at Paul Sharp's and it must pass without writing that a very enjoyable night awaited me. During the night not long before the wee sma' hours a fellow lodger came in from Harter. To my amazement next morning I found myself in the company of a person apparently on familiar terms with many of the eminent divines and scholars associated with the Princeton University and Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey. For quite a while our talk was about F. L. Patton, Woodrow Wilson, Henry Vandike, B. F. Warfield, and others of marked eminence. My new friend also informed me he had a son well advanced in the

Princeton University scientific course and that his aspiration was to stain a position among the best of young American scholars. To hear such things from a person whose life has been and is now being spent in the lumber business almost took my breath. Nevertheless it was a revelation as to the trend of the hopes, aspirations and aims of the intelligent element of the industrial classes, and for a blending of the intellectual and the practical that forebode the near advance of better days than any yet vouchsafed our world.

After waiting solitary and alone at the Harter dock, and beating the dock like a sentry on his beat looking for the train three-fourths of an hour, I was on the way to Clover Lick. Here I spent two or three days and nights in a round of visits to be remembered for special reasons that I need not spread before my much esteemed readers. In these homes I found persons mourning the decease of Mr. Williams and sincerely ready to mingle their tears with those wept by his aged heart broken mother in her sad and bereaved home across the eastern mountains.

It was very interesting to me to visit once more the homes whose mothers and home keepers are the daughters of one of the most remarkable persons that has ever come my way, the pure hearted and generously impulsive Mrs. Sally Gatewood Ligon, of ever blessed memory with me. Her praise was unstinted of what ever might be lovely and pure and of good report, but in reference to whatever was low and debasing there were no words in the whole vocabulary of human expression too bitter for reproof, or for her abhorrence of the depraved elements of the human race.

As we met in these homes around the family altars there was one hymn that was repeatedly sung, being the one asked for by this venerated lady just before folded her busy hands and closed her loving eyes to all earthly scenes: I need Thee every hour, Most gracious Lord, No tender voice like Thine, Can peace afford. I need Thee every hour, Stay Thou near by, Temptations lose their power When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee, Every hour I need Thee, O, bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

Kerr - McClure

Wednesday, 10 1/2 a. m., December 27, 1905, an animated scene was in evidence at Hotel Mason when Joseph Cameron Kerr and Miss Nancy Jane McClure were united in holy matrimony, Rev. Wm. T. Price, officiating minister. The groom is a popular, industrious young citizen with good prospects. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David McClure, of Laurel Run vicinity West Pocahontas, and is a highly esteemed young lady. Miss Leah Baxter was maid of honor, while James Baxter served as the groom's best man. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party took the morning train for Durbin where a reception awaited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gatewood Sutton. Numerous friends devoutly wish these young people happy and prosperous lives.

Welford - Kellison

Thursday at 6 a. m., December 28, 1905, at Riverview, West Marlinton, Didymous Nolley Welford and Miss Mary Alice Kellison were united in marriage by Rev. Wm. T. Price, D. D. The groom is a son of the late John Welford of West Buckeye vicinity and is an industrious, much esteemed citizen. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Kellison and has many attached friends. Soon after the ceremony the parties took the train for Buckeye, their home for the present. May all that a happy marriage implies be theirs through all the coming years.

William Nye And The Heathen Chinese

The subject of agriculture, which really lies nearest my heart of anything I can think of, naturally brings to the front the oriental backwisher. The Chinaman, as an agriculturalist, is generally successful in his small way, and I love to watch his work. Whenever I get bilious and need exercise, I get over to the southern end of town and vicariously hoe radishes for an hour, or till the pores are open, and I feel that delightful languor and the chastened sense of hunger and honesty which comes to the man who is not afraid to toil.

There is a feeling now too prevalent among our American people that the Chinaman should be driven away, but I do not join in the popular cry because I enjoy him too much, and he soothes me and cheers me when all the earth seems filled with woe. My favorite oriental onion promoter is called Tue Long. This, however, was a piece of side-splitting mirth on the part of his parents, for, as a matter of fact, he is too short.

He is considerably bronzed by the action of the sun and his out-of-door pursuits, so that his complexion has that radiant olive tinge that we see on the canvas-covered ham.

I got over to Tue Long's farm, in Sherrard's alkali addition to Laramie, when I feel that office work does not give me the physical exercise that I need, and I lean over the fence and tell Tue Long my experience with club footed parsnips and early-fried potatoes. At first he used to listen to me with his mouth open, so that you could throw a Mason & Hamlin organ into it, but now he don't seem to pay much attention to what I say to him.

This shows that the Chinaman cannot keep pace with the rapid strides now being made by American agriculture.

One day last week I had lost my appetite, and needed active bodily exertion, so I strolled over to the rat-eater's rural retreat, to watch Tue Long a few hours, and see if I couldn't get up an appetite.

The wind was blowing pretty fresh, as it sometimes does in this lovely climate, and Tue Long was trying to hold down some valencia red beet, and moss-agate aparagus. He wasn't succeeding very well, for just as he would get the beets driven into the ground securely, the zephyr would spring up from the south and blow moss-agate aparagus all over the military reservation. Then while he would be giving his attention to the aparagus, the wailing winds would blow down his fence, and turn the tail of Tue Long's morning wrapper over his head, and leave his spinal column sticking up into the summer sky.

It seemed to be a bad day for agriculture, and Tue Long would alternately uncork some broadened profanity, and then chase his hat, or do up his hair in a fresh Grecian coil.

I leaned over the fence, and laughing a low gurgling laugh, I said: "Tue Long, you must learn to control your fenshish temper. Agriculture requires patience and serenity of disposition. You must always be cheerful and amiable in your home life."

"When the mountain wind uncurls your back-hair, and you cannot hold down the flap of your dressing sacque, you must not get mad and swear; but fill the air with merry laughter, just as Confucius used to do. Be a philosopher, and frown down these little annoyances."

Now, when I was propagating my Scotch-plaid summer squashes, the squab-bugs got in one morning before breakfast, and ate the vines. Soon after that I tried a new kind of fire-proof squash, with a hunting-coat on it; but the squab-bugs took a spade and pried open the hunting-coat, and ate the supreme stuffing out of

every individual squash. I then tried the Bessemer-steel squab, with plaster of Paris works inside, but the irrigation was defective, and it never matured.

But, did I forget myself, and as our like a Guinea hen, the way you do! Did I break forth into quaint remarks, and lower myself in the estimation of my neighbors?

Not to any remarkable degree. I went to the stockholders of the Pocahontas Cannel Company and said, "Here, gentlemen, I am an inexperienced agriculturalist, and I do not succeed. Nothing grows under my watchful care but the speckled squab bug, and the fresh water cut worm. You are old, horny-handed sons of toil, and practical tillers of the soil; what shall I do?"

Then the secretary called a meeting of the stockholders, and the matter was discussed. The general custodian of peeglar seeds and rare bulbs was ordered to select certain seeds from the bureau, and give them to me for trial. Among these were the seeds of the early dart salad oil vine, the Northern spay horse radish, the black tan Lima bean, the non-explosive codfish ball, the soda water melon, the grammatical sugar beet, and the anti-cut worm asbestos string bean.

These have all grown well and thrived when my neighbors, who were too proud to ask advice, have failed. I shall this year raise, no doubt, enough of the non-explosive codfish ball alone to place me far beyond the reach of want. But Tue Long is a thousanda years behind the great irresistible tide of progress, and will cling to his celluloid beets and cottonwood cucumbers for ages yet to come.

BILL NYE.

A Word in Season.

Among my young readers there are persons just as improvable as any youth can possibly be if I am any judge. For their use I will repeat something that has given me encouragement in my humble obscure life; and, moreover, it is one of the best things that Phillips Brooks ever uttered by either tongue or pen. This man was one of the most eminent, up to date men that has lived in America in the past forty years or more. It seems to me he must have been a close student of the teachings of Moses and of the Prophet that was afterwards raised up like him, our Blessed Lord and Redeemer. With our Lord and Moses obedience to the Divine Will as set forth in the Ten Commandments was their idea of duty. According to their teaching three things are essential as signs of being in a saving state of grace. First, obedience to duty; Second, obedience to duty; Third, obedience to duty. Impressed with this idea Phillips Brooks says: "This truth comes to us more and more the longer we live that on what field or in what uniform or with what aims we do our duty matters very little, or even what our sphere of duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure, only to find our duty certainly and somehow do it faithfully makes us good, strong, happy and useful persons and tunes our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God."

The word godliness is an abbreviated form of the phrase God likeness. Thus we have the secret of how godliness is attained, whoever is steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; has found and uses the secret of what makes people good, strong, happy and useful, and by whose living in it society is made good as the best attainable.

Notice

All persons who have claims against the estate of John B. Hays are required to present them for allowance to me and all parties who know themselves to be indebted to the estate of John B. Hays deceased, are required to come forward and settle. J. H. Hays, Administrator, Edray, W. V. Backer, Attorney

Social Decline of New England.

The holding up of a staze coach in the New Hampshire hills is not indicative in itself of any mortal descent in the community where it occurred, though it was the second attempt on the same coach; but associated with crimes elsewhere it becomes significant of an unhappy change in the social condition of New England its migration from the farm to the factory is a move for the worse. It has taken the people away from healthy employment, lessened their liberty, lowered their health, degraded their ideals, congested them in the squalid mill village, introduced vice and drunkenness. The farmer has commercialized, dollars offered by the factory owner looked large to him and he could not resist the temptation of it though it meant a dark and dust filled room instead of the sunshine of the field; it meant contact with a hundred all more illiterate aliens, instead of the old friendly association of God-fearing, kindly, conservative fellow citizens; it meant Saturday night in the saloon and a Sunday spent with a profane and profligate company on the grocery steps.

There is something intensely pathetic in the deserted farms of New England for they symbolize a desertion of the old high standards of personal and social life that were represented in our government and our institutions. Too many of the good men and women of these foundation States have withdrawn themselves from the slow and fogy society now to be found in so many of the towns, and have sought the cities or have taken up more fruitful lands in West. Their places have been filled by people who have neither knowledge of nor veneration for our history, the schools are small and ineffective because of the general urge to get out of them and begin to earn wages in the mill; the fine old figure of the judge, the squire, the parson and the leading farmers are missing and the town loafers and drunkards have increased; every measure for public welfare, every effort to stop the slaughter of birds, to save the woods, to improve the roads, to build libraries, hospitals and better schools is resisted on the ground of hostility or expense; in fact the society is retrograding in spite of the more abundant money or because of it.

But hope is not lost. The cry "Back to the land" has become significant. The people who are moving to the desolate farms are people of intelligence, morality and spirit. Some of them are men and women of means who will spare of them for the betterment of the communities where with they are to cast their fortunes. These farms now gone to weeds with rotting barns and broken fences with their hideous envier meat of burned woods and the scarcity of water resultant from the burning are glorious for situation, commanding noble views of hill and valley and experiment now in progress have proved that these fields are not exhausted but can be made to pay well by intelligent and intensive farming. They will be occupied by some city people seeking a summer residence but others by families as permanent homes and a new impulse will be given to the social life with all that it means of wiser local government - better schools, roads, bridges, libraries, playgrounds and respect for the church and home. The factory that is so baneful an influence will continue as a center of money-making in the towns but its smoke, its disease and its vice will not reach the hills where a prosperous and contented people will again inhabit. - Brooklyn Eagle

Important Events for 1905
The Chicago Tribune has compiled a list of odd and interesting happenings of the year 1905.
When the dying year was young a farm hand near St. Paul drank a small bottle of nitroglycerin on a wager. On the way home he was overcome by the cold and when his friends tried to thaw him out he lost his wits, and everything else save two buttons.

Until the first frost there were to be seen on a tree near Kingston on Thames England several semi-roasted apple. An auto had caught fire beneath the branches and the flames had cooked the fruit while destroying the car.
Last February the herring came down Deputree Bay. B. C. in such number that their rush through the water sounded like escaping steam. This lasted nearly 21 hours at the end of which nearly 1,000 tons of fish were in and near the channel dead - smothered in their own density.
General Dokstouff running upstairs to thank the Minister of War for ordering him to the front (he had begged to be allowed to die a soldier's death) was claimed by heart disease on the top step.
The only essay entered for the annual prize offered by the Parisian Academy of Moral and Political Sciences did not receive the award as it was too illegible to be read.
Sir Alfred Harmsworth offered \$500 reward for information which might lead to the arrest of a certain reckless motorist who turned out to be Sir Alfred, brother.
Dying in poverty in a San Francisco hospital Luscomb Seares received word that the British Government had just allowed his claim of \$5,000,000 arising from losses during the Boer War.
In October Mrs. Ella Galt, of Portsmouth, Ohio, swore out a warrant for a circus elephant which had eaten her gold watch and smashed in a brand new Paish hat.
A Cologne dairymaid was arrested for bathing herself daily in the milk she later sold.
A negro living near Atlanta, Ga., has to have her shoes made to order. Finished they are twenty three inches long and weigh eighteen pounds.
A June bride entered a grocery store at Ft. Fairfield, Maine, to buy an empty barrel of flour that she might make a hen-coop for her dog.

At the exact hour of the assassination of the Russian Grand Duke Sergius his god-daughter, in the Alexis palace declares he opened the door to her room covered with bleeding wounds and exclaimed: "Look young Princess!!"
Ember Mason, who lives near Independence City, Mo., has built his own coffin from a tree he planted when he first came to Jackson County, 72 years ago while an Irish merchant was buried in the spring his requiem being sung from a phonograph record he himself had made just before death.
St. Louis attorneys found in February a missing heirress to an estate through the continuous cries of a pet parrot of the deceased. "I want to see my Baltimore baby!" was the cry which led to success in the city named.
During a Manchurian engagement a Japanese officer found a Peking spaniel wandering lost between the opposing lines. It came to whistle and was at once affectionate. Later when the charge sounded the dog started forth with his new friend but as it could not keep up with the rush the Jap tucked it under his left arm and so led his men to victory.
A cat belonging to the Dutchess of Beaufort being taken to county seat other than the one which it had been born turned back "home" after two unhappy days covering the 200 intervening miles in safety.
A veteran police horse (October 28) climbed the steps of a house on forty fourth street New York and thumped with hoofs on the door helping across the sleeping tenants of the smoke-filled room.

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An Australian detective died in April dividing a \$35,000 property into six shares, seeming equitable to him. These divisions were specified in writings placed in sealed envelopes the six heirs drawing them with no clue to the contents.
Baron Rathschild was named sole beneficiary under the will of a Nice miser Abraham Fidler, who left him \$350,000 on the principle that "money must seek money." The Baron hunted up relatives of the departed and gave each an equal share.
Traced by the impression of 111 teeth in a half-eaten apple, left in a house at Basle, Switzerland, a burglar has confessed and been sentenced.
In May the famous Steyn vs. Smith "cow case" was closed in Colorado, with a total of \$2,500 attorneys' fees, plus Court charges. The cow, worth only \$80 in the first place, has been dead fifteen years.
Rudolph Maller, a New York civil engineer, was unwell enough to buy Miss Gladys Chapman, overlooking the fact that he did not know the lady. The Magistrate thought the embrace worth six months "on the island."
Because a revolver which he had purchased to kill himself missed fire Paul Schlardum, of San Bernardino, brought suit against the hardware company for the price of the weapon.
Mrs. Lawson, of Richmond, Virginia, owns a cow, and the cow owned a calf, but this last was drowned in a swamp. There, apog.
The bereaved mother adopted a fawn first rescuing it from a bound which had chased it into the pasture.
Three brothers were wedded to three sisters and a sister of the brother to a brother of the sister at Durden England last September in each of the four cases the bride and groom were of the same age ranging from 19 to 28.
A couple were wedded in Herzfeld, Switzerland, after a courtship of 43 years, and the exchange of 3,000 love letters; while down in Texas a jilted avain has used his once fair lady for \$30,000, charging \$5,000 to courtship expenses - at \$7 a day for his time.
Near a small town in Minnesota lightning struck an electric auto whose batteries and the occupants of the machine ran it home.
A bolt stuck the home of Kellmar Creagan, at Ringgold, Md., running around his staw hat to above his left ear, then down the side of his neck to his body, tearing the shirt collar, then down his right leg, tearing the shoe in half and splitting the great toe. His skin was scorched, but his hair was not even singed.

The people on the West Side of the river have been much annoyed lately by the collection of crowds in the bridge. There is no other very convenient place to drink in the town and the bridge is being used as such a place. It is dry and their is a nice bed of dirt to roll in. Timid women hesitate to pass through the bridge on this account. In many cases ladies have been kept waiting until the bridge was clear or been turned back on account of fear of strange men who were engaged in circulating the bottle. A little kind of this work goes a long way and if nothing else will do the town authorities might build a shed for our visitors to roll in.

A Valuable Property for Sale
Seventeen acres of land in the Levels of Pocahontas County, adjoining M. J. McNeil, near the town of Academy. Land in fine state of cultivation, good orchard and a fine well of water. Also an acre lot near this place with comfortable house, good barn, a fine well of water on this place also, an excellent garden, and orchard. For further particulars, write F. A. CHAPMAN, Box 461 - Clifton Forge, Va.

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